

# THE MOON JUMPERS

by JANICE MAY UDRY

*pictures by MAURICE SENDAK*







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# The Moon Jumpers

Summer night is the cool dark grass  
And big tired trees  
With the moon sailing  
On a wind.



# THE

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The sun is tired. It goes down the sky into the  
drowsy hills.

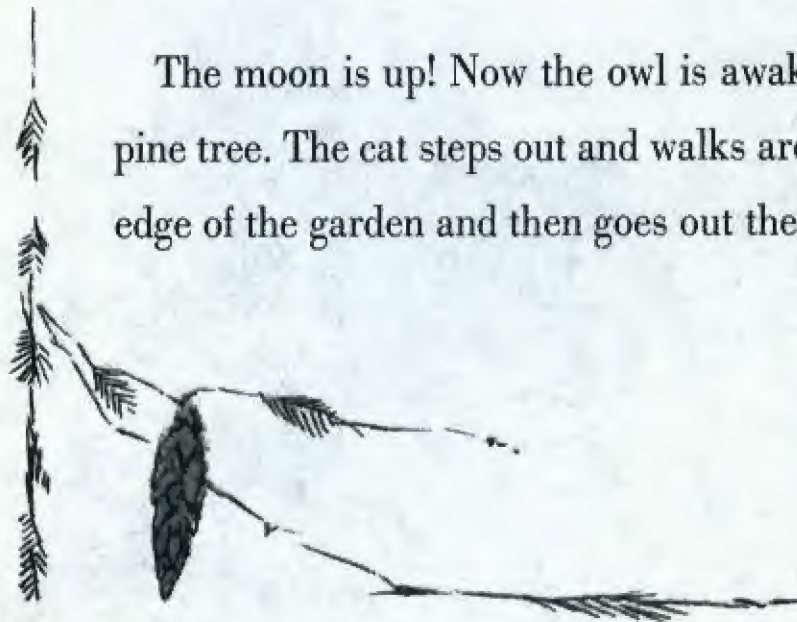
The sunflowers lean. They fall asleep to dream  
of tomorrow's sun.







The moon is up! Now the owl is awake in the pine tree. The cat steps out and walks around the edge of the garden and then goes out the gate.















Beyond the gate the road winds into darkness.  
The cool night shadows gather around the  
house.





In the window the lamp is lit for Mother and  
Father.











Down in the sandbox the pail and the shovel  
are left by the castle door.

The goldfish play with the moonfish deep in the  
lily pool.



Those old frogs begin to croak. And the fireflies  
come from the woods. The giant moth zooms by  
looking for the moonflowers.







The warm night-wind tosses our hair. The wind  
chimes stir. And we all dance, barefooted. Over  
and over the grass! We play tag in and out. With  
the wind and with each other.















We climb the tree just to be in a tree at night.  
And we make a little camp and pretend we're  
on an island for the night.

We make up songs. And poems. And we turn  
somersaults all over the grass.







We tell ghost stories. And holler "Boo!" under  
the window.















We jump and jump, over and over, and higher  
and higher. But nobody ever has touched the  
moon.





We run and run around the house. And the bal-  
loon of a moon grows and grows.













A GIANT shadow comes! We hide! Bigger  
and bigger he comes across the lawn! It's coming!  
The GIANT!

He lights his pipe — and he LAUGHS!  
Father is the giant taking a walk to look at his  
roses.

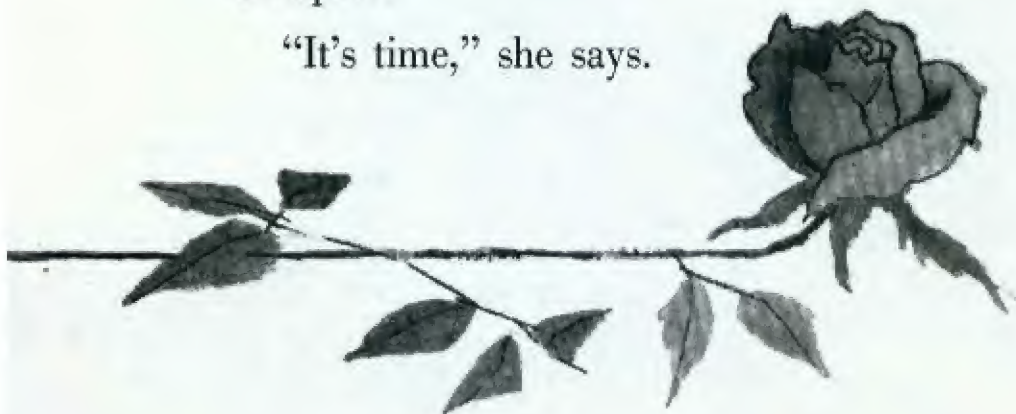






Mother calls from the door, "Children, oh children." But we're not children, we're the Moon Jumpers!

"It's time," she says.



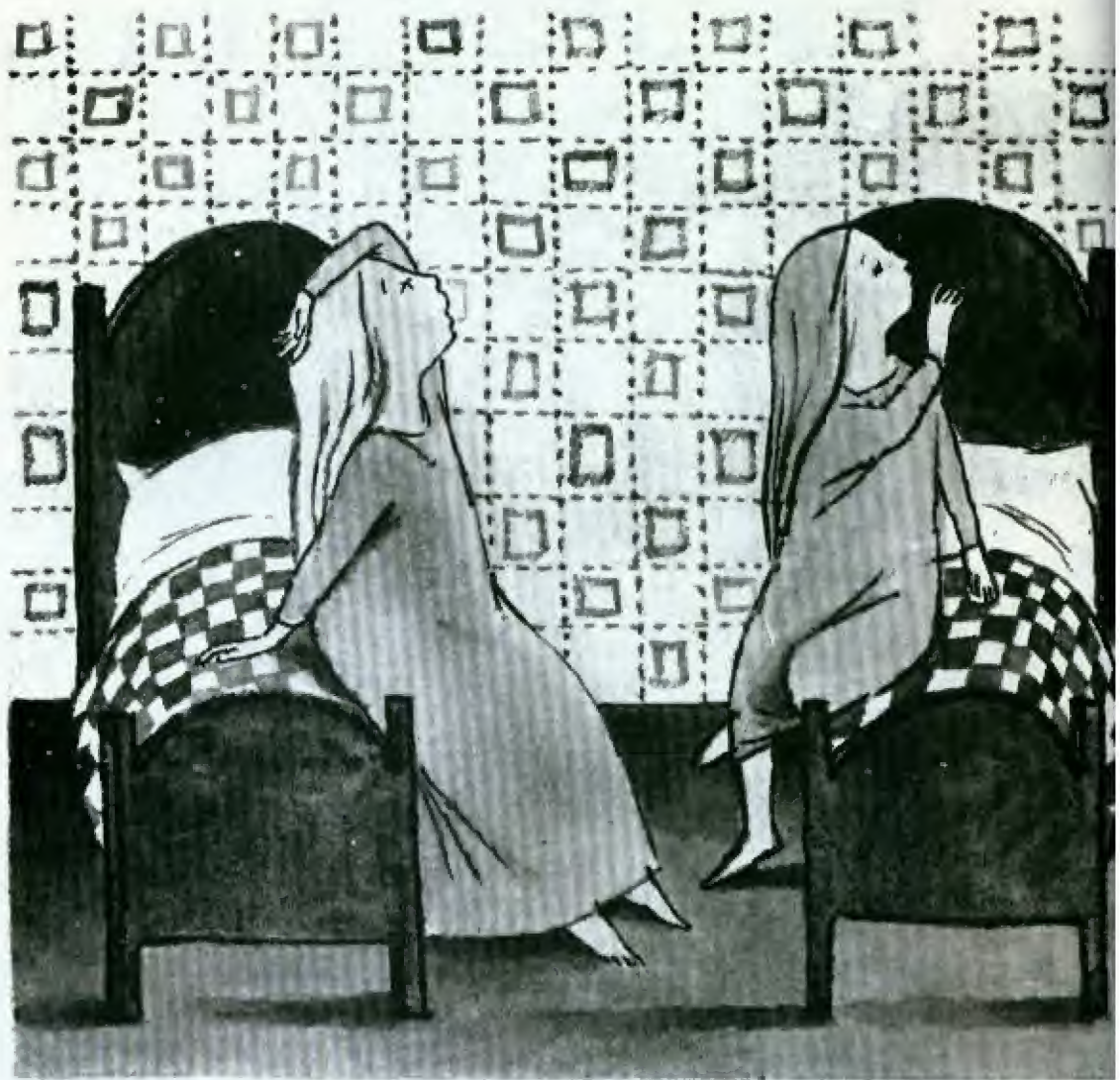












"Good night, Moon."

The bed is white and cool and the pillow as  
soft as the night.





The moon sails on up the sky. And we fall asleep  
and dream of tomorrow's sun.







